A DOUBLE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY NATIONAL GUARDSMEN.

Minstreler and Comedy by Company D. Twelfth Regiment-Afterwards &Couples Whirl Over the Ballroom-Neighbors from Bloomingdale Form an Association d Have a Merry Reception.

Soldiers with their wives, sweethearts o git rs. besides a great many other guests. assembled in the Lexington Avenue Opera-House last evening at the fourth annual entertainment and reception of Company D. Twelfth Regiment, National Guard. The hall was decorated with bunting and flowers.

The entertainment began with a minstrel performance by members of the company, which was very good, the singing of Mesars. Robert McKeon and Robert Webb deserving special mention. Walter S. Trigg was tambo: Ed. J. Bennett, bones, and T. Kennedy, interlocutor. The other performers were John J. Early and Ed. L. Murphy.

After some selections by Alex. J. Brown. the humorist, an act from "Mikado" was given by Mrs. Lou A. Moore as Yum Yum, Miss Fannie Trigg as Katisha, George C. Pierce as Nanki-Poo and W. S. Trigg as

The comedietta, "My Uncle's Will," closed the entertainment, the cast being: Florence Marigold, Miss Agnes L. Boyton: Charles Cashmore, Edward L. Murphy, Mr. Barker, and Thomas M. Gartland.

and Thomas M. Gartland.

The hall was then made ready for dancing.
To the music of Leibolat's orchestra Capt.
Blucker S. Barnard and his wife led the
grand march, in which the following ladies
and gentlemen took part:

Miss Emily Pearce, L. H. Stone, Sect. Michael

grand march, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part:

Miss Emily Pearce, L. H. Stone, Sergt. Richards, of Company D, Seventh Regiment, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Brewer, Miss Fanny Stewart, Miss Violasy, A. C. Warden, Sergt. Jackson, Miss A. M. Warden, "Quartermaster C. W. Pratt, William Henderson, Miss Blanche Meda, Miss Kate Baxter, C. H. Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Harding, Mr. Hyde, Cotor Bearer of Company D, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Park, Matthew Higgins, A. L. Wescott, Miss Florence Glover, Mrs. C. Thorn, W. H. Traphagen, Miss Mamile Dooley, Miss Irene Norman, Miss: Wescott, W. S. Jennings, Miss L. Golden, Etward L. Murphy, Walter S. Trigg, Miss Fannie Trigg, Mrs. Lou A. Moore, Lawrence B. Wolf, B. J. Dobler, Miss Annie Yates, Wm. Youits, Miss N. C. Hill, Miss Fanny Diamond, Sergt, and Mrs. Thompson, Deen Labauta, Miss Florence Southworth, L. Thorn, Miss May Duff, Sergi. Rose, J. Duel, Miss A. Schuster, Jonn Belancy, Miss K. Nitke, John F. Dauer, Miss Emma F. Noel, Miss Edith Noel, Gec. A. Noel, Miss L. T. Taft, Thomas Wright, Charles J. Harris, Miss Lightower, Miss Dace, Miss Agnes L. Boyton, Mr. E. L. Tatt and Miss Taft, Mr. Adair, Charles H. Cupp, J. H. B. H. William Arinstrong, Lieut, and Mrs. Augustus Baus, Capt. and Mrs. Charles H. Hailock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hailock, Mr. and Mrs. Gus M. Fetzer, Mr. and Mrs. David L. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. Bellock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. And Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. Bellock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. And Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. And Mrs. Charles M. Foster, Mrs. And M

BLOOMINGDALE NEIGHBORS DANCING. About one hundred and fifty couples en-oyed the first annual invitation ball of the teighbors' Assembly Rooms, last night. Hugh Vendel's Assembly Rooms, last night. Hugh IcCormack was floor director and was as-

sisted by these gentlemen:

M. Kenesiy, B. Smith, P. Shields, James G. McNames, Micnael Wsgner, Frank Doyle, Chas. McSiom, James McGloin, Duke McGormack, Ed.
Marum, John W. Hanley, Wm. McGloin, Geo.
Berzolis, P. McCabe, Peter J. Smith, John Connelly,
Wm. McGloin, John Warner, John Kenealy, Peter
Becker, Wm. Cooper, Samuel Sincialr, Thos.
Kenealy, Chas. Reiske, Robt. Heiferty, John J.
Harold sisted by these gentlemen :

Ecnesity, Class. Reiske, Rob. Heiferty, John J. Harold.

In addition to these were present:

Frank McAleer, Miss. Kate McAleer, Miss. Bernist Reviews, and the principal entrances of the principal entrances. The principal entrances of the principal entrances of the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances of the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances of the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances. The principal entrances will be designed to the principal entrances will be designed to the p In addition to these were present :

Lowenstein, Sam Lowenstein, H. Krakavr and E. Morrell.

The bride was dressed in white satin with a long train. Her tulle veil was fastened with roses. The bridesmaids were dressed in white falle Française. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Keethner, Mr. and Mrs. Fibel, Mr. and Mrs. Pieser, Mr. and Mrs. Lowenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. Bornstein, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lowenstein,

CHRISTMAS WEEK DANCES. Mr. and Mrs. J. Smally, Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kassel, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewenstein and Mr. and Mrs. H. Kranter.

POLLOWED BY SHOWERS OF RICE. Miss Sarah Falk Married to Mr. Bernard

Schwarty in Everett Hall. Everett Hall was the scene last evening of the marriage of Miss Falk, daughter of Mrs. H. Falk, to Mr. Bernard Schwartz. The Rev. Dr. Gottheild performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride was attired in a Dublin blue silk dress, and wore besides the conventional

orange blossoms and white veil, diamond

ornaments, Michael H. Falk, brother of the bride, discharged the duties of master of ceremonies, and after the marriage ceremony Mr. E. Frey managed the dancing which followed. The managed the dancing which followed. The presents were numerous. Speeches and congratulations were indulged in. When the couple took their departure showers of rice and old shoes were sent after them. After a tour of four weeks Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz will be at home to their friends at 21 Fifth

avenue.

Following are names of some of those who

Following are names of some of those who were present:

Louis M. Orchard, L. Simon and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Nathau, Mr. and Mrs. M. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Nathau, Mr. and Mrs. M. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Jone Newman and daughter, Mrs. David Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Joon Yandemore, Mr. Abe Harris and Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pozinsky, Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, G. Brooklyn; Mr. Stone and family, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Elssa, Mr. A. Taft, Mr. G. Taft, Mr. A. Helms and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Eupam and ladles, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Frey, Senator Max Rice, of Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. M. Frey, Senator Max Rice, of Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. M. Sak Henry J. Newman, of the Hearts of Oak Association; Miss Annie Clark and Miss Lillie Clark, of Brooklyn; Miss Hilda Rosenthal; Miss Gussie Newman, Miss Lizzie Boume and Miss Annie Boume, of Harlem; Miss Tessa Harris and Miss H. Schwartz.

OF INTEREST TO SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. P. Robinson, of 30 Fifth avenue, will give a holiday party for children this evening. There will be sixty guests.

Mrs. J. A. Benedict, of 325 Fifth avenue,

Mrs. J. A, Benedict, of 325 Fifth avenue, will give a children's party this evening.

Mrs. Adolphus Smedberg, of 20 West Twenty-first street, will give a tea this afternoon to introduce her daughter, Miss Emily Smedberg. The young ladies who will assist in receiving are Miss Dodge, Miss Livingston Miss Morris, Miss Goodridge, Miss Mitchell, Miss Adams, Miss Ellison, Miss Van Buren, Miss Oddie, Miss Coster, Miss Sargent, Miss Shippen, Miss Speyers, Miss Renwick and Miss Betts. Among the guests expected are the following-named persons:

Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Morris, Mr. Edward

Miss Botte. Almong the guests expected are the following-named persons:

Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Morris, Mr. Edward Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. August Van Courtland, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. M. Delañeld, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Renwick, Mr. James Renwick, Mr. John Cadwallader, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. James G. K. Duer, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Mr. and Mrs. James Ludlow, Mrs. John Minturn, Mrs. Lewis Hamersley, the Rev. and Mrs. John Minturn, Mrs. Lewis Hamersley, the Rev. and Mrs. John Miss. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Benry Morton, Mr. and Mrs. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Boseph Lentihon, Bishop and Mrs. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Rumund Aymar, Mr. and Mrs. Lenox Belknap, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Anthon, the Misses Langdon, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, Mrs. Cuttlog and Dr. and Mrs. Howard Crosby.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a dinner at

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a dinner at

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave a dinner at her home, i West Fifty, seventh street, last evening. The floral decorations of the table, which were by Klunder, were exceptionally fine. A large oval in the centre was filled with orchids, while roses of every variety, arranged in circles, were at each side.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas F. Somers and Miss Elizabeth M. Hill, daughter of Mr. B. W. Hill, will take place at 7.30 o'clock this evening at St. Francis Kavier's, in Sixteenth street. Father Feary will officiate. The bride will wear a wedding-gown of white French faille, with front of point lace and V corsage. The tulle veil will be secured with flowers. The bride's father will give her away. Miss Mary E. Morris will be the maid of honor. Mr. James F. Somers, brother of the groom, will be the best man. The ushers will be Messrs. Michael J. Howard, Benjamin J. Boylan and Harry O'Grady, After the ceremony a reception will be given at the home of the bride's parents, 220 West Twenty-first street. Among the guests excepted are the following named persons.

their wedding trip.
Mrs. J. P. Robinson, of 30 Fifth avenue,
will give an informal dance this evening.

A SAFE, sure cure for coughs and colds, ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. KINEMAN, 25th st., 4th ave. "."

A GREAT WOMAN'S CAREER.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MME. MARGUE-RITE BOUCICAUT.

A Washwoman's Daughter Whose Funera Cortege Might Have Been Taken for That of a Queen-The Story of the Founding of the "Bon Marche"-More than \$500,000 Spent Yearly in Advertising.

Paris, Dec. 13 .- Yesterday, took place at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin the funeral of



Mme. Marguerite Boucicaut, a woman whose name and fortune be long to the commercian history of our time Few of those who frequent the Bon Marche ever dream that this great emporium of French industry, with thousands of employees, and millions of capital, was the produet of one woman's

MME, BOUCICAUT. enterprise. Her power, her influence, were demon trated at the funeral, for the cortege might have been taken for that of Queen or Empress; a hearse, buried under flowers, surrounded by seventy employes of the Bon Marché, followed by sixty-six directors, bearing wreaths and crosses; then 3,000 olerks; the carriage of Mme. Boucicaut, covered with crape; mourning and private conreyances, and last, two hundred porters, in

Marguerite Guerin was the daughter of a washerwoman, could neither read nor write, and when, at the age of twenty-eightabout forty-five years ago-she came to Paris by chance, she obtained a position in a little dry-goods shop of the Rue du Bac. There she met Aristide Boucicaut, of a better family than hers, but like herself employed in meas uring cloth and ribbon. After a short courtship they were married, and from that time a certain number of hours each evening were devoted to study. Soon the two were able to buy the shop in which they had been clerks, and it was the delight of Mme. Boucicaut to arrange goods in the windows and by the door of the dingy little magasin. Both husband and wife were exceeding honest, and both were devoted friends of the poor. At the time they established themselves in business there was great distress in Paris, and every Saturday evening, for the beneat of the poor, they sold goods at cost. Such benevolence could not lose its reward, and soon they bought the building next to theirs, then another, another, and still another, until they owned a whole square. On the site of these buildings stands to-day, the palace of the Bon Marché, a shop, uniting the qualities of the millinery emporium, the hosier's, the silk merchant's, the haberdasher's, the linendraper's, a carpet and curtain warehouse, devoted to study. Soon the two were able silk merchant's, the haberdasher's, the linen-draper's, a carpet and curtain warehouse, &c. In the Middle Ages the shop would have been called a "Fondaro," or a "Stablimento di Galanteric," and its owners "Merchant Princes," like the Fuggers of Antwerp and the Medicio of Florence. The immense "Gostinnoi.Dyors" of Russia and the bazaars of eastern cities in some respects resemble the Bon Marche, but these bazaars belong to numerous proprietors, and the Bon Marche is the property of

bazaars belong to numerous proprietors, and the Bon Marche is the property of one firm.

Although in a square, the principal entrance to the Bon Marche is in the Rue du Bac, a street whose history is interesting and instructive. The name is derived from a bac or ferry, made in 1550, at the river end of the street, and the thoroughfare itself dates back to Louis XIII. When a bridge was built across from the Tuileries the fortune of the street was assured, for until then the Rue du Bac, approached only by ferry-boat, was a long, quiet country road. The street seems to have always had a very religious character, for early in the seventeenth century were founded many foreign mission houses, and here to-day in the house once occupied by Louise de La Vallière, are the Sisters of Charity, a religious body, popular even with irreligious modern France. Until the Revolution there were monasteries, convents, hospitals, &c., but afterwards the gardens seized as national property became building lots and the Rue du Bac was transformed into a fashionable street. Here lived Chateaubriand, Montalembert, Mme. de Staël, &c.

M. and Mme. Boucicaut could not have

and thirty employees are governed by 300 co-proprietors, and these by a council chosen by themselves. At first there were ninety-six co-proprietors or shareholders, with shares amounting to \$2,000,000; to-day their

number is 300.

In 1886 Mme. Boucicaut gave \$1,000,000 to the retiring fund of her employees, and now,

if porters, coachmen and hostlers be dismissed, they can draw from \$100 to \$300, with 3½ per cent, interest.

The young men employed at the Bon Marche" receive regular instruction in English, literature, fencing, music, &c.; the concerts given by the Harmony and Choral Society are frequented by all Paris. The young women receive instruction in their home, an immense private hotel opposite the

Bon Marché.

When about ten years ago M. Boucicaut
When about ten years ago M. Boucicaut
When about ten years ago m. Boucicaut

Bon Marché.

When about ten years ago M, Boucicaut died everything went on as in his lifetime, except the charities, which became more numerons. Mine. Boucicaut's son was the real manager, but in 1879 he died, and his widow not willing to live on friendly terms with her mother-in-law, took her share of the property, and since her second marriage has been as a stranger to the "Bon Marche."

For eight years has Mine. Boucicaut been the only director of the establishment. Her extraordinary intelligence, her wonderful activity soon made her the soul of this commercial centre; nothing could be done without her naive, and her whole life was devoted to the great interests grouped about her name. Had she lived a few weeks longer Mine. Boucicaut would have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for her name had been added to the list of women permitted to wear this decoration.

Her fortune, estimated at more than \$20,000,000, gave her the privilege of providing for the wants of her immense family—the employees of the Bon Marché. "I should like to be happy by making others happy," said she. "God send us prosperity, because the poor and unfortunate pray for us."

By her will it was found that \$200 were left to each employee in service from one to three years, \$600 to each one in service three to

to each employee in service from one to three

By her will it was found that \$200 were left to each employee in service from one to three years, \$1,000 to each one employed for ten years and \$2,000 to each of the inservice for a longer time.

To the twenty arrondissements of Paris she left \$50,000 to be divided equally: to the Pasteur Institute, \$30,000, &c. She had already founded an asylum for old men at Fontenay-aux-Roses, her favorite residence, and to this she left \$40,000. Verjux, her birthplace, she gave a fund for all its schools, and \$100,000 for the construction of a bridge from Verjux to Gerzy. To the St. Nicholas Workmen's Mission she left \$50,000, and to the towns of Lille, Rouen and Chalonssur-Saone, for the foundation of three skylums, cach \$125,000. The Archbishop of Paris will receive \$60,000, and provincial charities various sums. Mme. Boucicaut's castle at Fontency-aux-Roses is to be used as a convalescent home for the female members of the Bon Marche staff, and after deducting numerous legacies, the remainder of this imponse fortune will be need for the constructure.

of the Bon Marche staff, and after deducting numerous legacies, the remainder of this immense fortune will be used for the construction of a Paris Hospital.

It is well known that the Jesuits were firm friends of Madame Boucicaut and the Bon Marche; large sums of money were advanced by them for the success of the enterprise, and to their interest was due, in the first place, the popularity of the house. I have often heard the remark: "When Madame Boucicaut dies, it will be found that the Bon Marche is the property of the Jesuits." The will proves, to the surprise of many, that every sou borrowed had been repaid with in-

The will proves, to the surprise of many, that every sou borrowed had been repaid with interest, and that the poor and suffering were uppermost in the mind of this most benevolent of women.

"I only return to God a small portion of what he has given me." Arthur Meyer, the rabid Catholic editor of the Gaulous proposes that the journalists of Paris show their gratitude for Mme. Boucicaut's liberality by erecting a status to her nemory in the soner erecting a statue to her memory in the square facing the Bon Marché. A suitable in-scription for this would be

She bath done what she could. BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

The Confederate Colony in Mexico.

[From the Chicago Herald.]
The late ex-Congressman Bernard Caulfield, whose death at Deadwood suggested so many inter esting incidents in his career here in Chicago, was

whose death at Deadwood suggested so many inter esting incidents in his career here in Chicago, was the only Illinoisan who joined the colony of ex-Confederates in Mexico. The band was made up of disheartened Southerners who felt, after the success of the Northern armies, just as confident that life in the States would be full of humiliation as they had been at the beginning of the war that their new Confederacy would be a giorious success. Cauffield was a man full of sentiment and the sort of character to fraternize with a group of well-bred, high-spirited but discouraged and saddened Southerners. The Illinoisan was of the party who called on Alexander Stephens, the famous Vice-President of the Confederacy, to urge him to join the colonists. The great Georgian stubbornly refused to leave the country.

"But these Yankees will hang you if you stay behind," urged the men who were ready to take up their journey for their new country and who hated to leave behind them an associate whose devotion, intelligence and courage had been so wonderfully well proved. "I would rather hang here in the United States," said Stephens, "than live anywhere outside of it." The reply made Alexander Stephens half as much admired in the North as he was loved in the South. The Mexican colony proved a dreadful failure. Some of the party returned to their old homes, but very few. Most of them went to South America. A handful remained in the country of the Montezumas. Canifield returned finally to Chicago, but he would never admit that he had been a colonist. He had gone, he claimed, simply as their counsel. Novody dared press the subject very closely with him.

Two Actors Seen on Broadway.

[From Clara Belle's New York Letter.]
In Broadway I saw two men who required nothing save their own good looke to distinguish them. They were actors. One was the young leader of a city stock company, and the women are madly in love with him. He really is a remarkably handsome fellow, and he maintains an air of unconsciousness of the admiration that accompanies him in his walks acroad; but he promenades every afternoon two or three hours in tat part of Broadway which is crowded by women, never betaking himself to quiet streets. The other actor, who greeted him as they met, was Lester Wallack, a physical wreck, and yet a beauty still. He had more than thirty years of the experience which the younger man is now enjoying, for he was New York's theatrical idol during that length of time. His income was large, but his expenditures were quite as great, and so, when he lost his acting ability through rhoumatism, and his theatre through rivalry, he was left in what, to him, seemed absolute poverty. He declined a benealt last winter, but has now decided to accept one, and the tig guns of the profession are loading themselves for a boom that will fill his wallet for a year or so. save their own good looke to distinguish them.

TWO RIVAL CLEOPATRAS.

PROSPECTS OF A COLLISION BETWEEN SOCIETY ACTRESSES.

Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter Both Want the Same Play-Preparations to Produce "Mazulm" - Clara Morris's Worth Dresses-Managers Objecting to Actors'



POSSIBILITY exists that Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry will clash. The American

well known last year

that Mrs. Langtry was extremely anxious to open this season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre with an elaborate production of the same play. She changed her plans and postponed bringing on "Cleopatra" until another season, although part of her engagement with John Stetson was that she should produce the play at his house. The reason of the change of plans was that Charles Coghlan offered her a play in which she had great faith. When, however, the relations between the lady and the gentleman became what is known as strained, Mrs. Langtry found that it was too late to produce "Cleopatra" this season. And now, before she has had time to bring it out, in steps Mrs. James Brown Potter, of all people in the world, with "Cleopatra" in view. Mrs. Potter has been quietly at work on this play, and had partly arranged with David Belasco to put that gentleman in charge of the production. that gentleman in charge of the production.
Of course Belasco snapped at the bait, and
was delighted. He took several steps in the
matter when he was confronted by Manager
Daniel Frohman, that young man's employer,
who reminded Belasco of his duties to the
Lyceum Theatre. Mrs. Potter, however,
seems more desirous than ever to appear in
"Cleopatra," for which part people seem to
think she would be eminently suited. It
looks certainly as if the ladies would clash—
if their education in seciety would permit
them to do anything so impolite.

It is not at all likely that Mme. Sarah Bern. It is not at all likely that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt would be pleased to know that a monster camel has been named after her. Yet Imre Kiralfy has christened the camel which he has bought for the fair scene in "Mazulm, the Night Owl," "Sarah B.," and his trick elephant "Boulanger." For those who believe in figures as given by the managers of enterprises, it may be stated that Mr. Kiralfy declares he spent \$50,000 on this production; that the Viades sisters will receive \$1,000 per week, and Javant \$500. This is told with perfect gravity, so out of courtesy to Mr. Kiralfy our little laugh shall be inclosed in brackets. [Ha! ha!]

Listen : " Miss Clara Morris will wear dur Listen: "Miss Clara Morris will wear during this engagement" (at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Jan. 9) 'six new dresses, creations of the famous Worth, of Paris. These dresses are insured for \$8,000, and it is but just to presume that they are worth very much more." It is not at all necessary to call attention to Miss Morris by means of her dresses. The lady is too clever an actress, too fine an artist, to need such an aid. The costumes are accessories to the actress; the actress has not yet become an accessory to the costumes.

Several managers are raising strong objections to the number of benefits which the committee of the Actors' Fund are urging upon them. They cannot consistently, they say, refuse the services of artists engaged by them, but they claim that the large number of these benefits now given affects them considerably in a financial way, and that the members of the committee organizing them suffer no inconvenience at all and manage to advertise themselves considerably. Managers seem to think that a certain day in each year should be set aside for benefits, and say that they would respect that day.

C. Leslie Allen has written a letter to The World in which he says: "Your contributor, 'Alan Dale,' in Monday evening's edition clearly transcends the latitude of criticism. To this I claim the right to reply. The only basis of truth on which he rests his statement is this: That at that crisis in the last act of 'Paul Kauvar,' when the distant town is fired, Col. La Hogue has to exclaim: 'My God, sir! the vandals burn the town!' but the town burned not—there were no signs of it. I waited for five or possibly ten seconds and went 'up stage' muttering, sotto voce, 'Where is the fire?' As it was not yet visible I proceeded with the line, not pausing longer for that fire effect. On the strength of this accident, liable to occur on the first, nay the fortieth night, this critic relegates me to the shades."

"The Goldey," a juvenile society "to de velop literary tastes," will give an interesting entertainment at Steinway Hall to-night. The objects of the society are laudable. James A. Trehy, a bright young man, who

conducts the society's business with energy, will preside, and the entertainment will be aided by Prof. Frank Taft, Miss Catherine Linyard, of Mme. Janauschek's company, Joseph F. Hunter, William Bristow, Miss Margaret Olone, Joseph P. Carney, Miss Carrie Couch, Joseph C. Rowan, F. P. Holmes, whose specialty will be "Irving a la Dixey," and Thomas J. McCabe.

Messrs. Robson and Crane made Christmas Messrs. Robson and Crane made Christmas enjoyable to their employees at the Union Square Theatre. Each of the actors in "The Henrietta" received a present, the stage hands were given \$5 each, and old "Papa" Ryan got \$10. At the Casino Mr. Aronson gave a Christmas supper. Telegrams, letters and presents were exchanged among the members of the various companies. A new patch was given to Francis Wilson for his costume in "Erminie."

Dockstader has an entertrining programm this week. "Christmas in Ole Virginia"

Do You Suffer

From rheumatism? If so, read the following "volun autirely unknown to us till after its publication;

"Without doubt a large proportion of those who have assed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rhou-matism. Up to three winters ago I had never known what sickness or pain was; but during the fall and winter of 1884 I had a slight attack of rheumatism, which, however, passed off towards spring, but the following winter it reappeared with greater swerity. Not desiring to become crippled I thought I would try Hood's Sarsato become crippled I thought I would try Hood's Sarsa-parilla. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to say the rheumatic pains ceased, my appetite and diges-tion became better, and my general health greatly im-proved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a cure in my case, as I have felt no recurrence of the blood disease." WM. SCOON, Geneva, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla old by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared on by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

AMUSEMENTS.

ROBBINS! ROBBINS!

Of the masical denous elephants.
Of the wooderful bareback riders.
Of the girls in their mid-air marvels.
Of the curfous cunning pointes.
Of the curfous cunning pointes.
Of the curfous cunning pointes.
Of the lions and fleros-eyed tigers.
A circus the Nes calls. "Breat and constantly clean.
A circus the World calls." Nest, freely and unique."
A circus the Horald calls. "Very integering."
A circus the Dadly Ness calls. "Recodingly fine."
A circus the Journal calls. "Full of Attractions."
A circus the Journal calls. "Full of Attractions."
A circus the Journal calls. "Interesting and elaborate.
2 HINGS. ELEVATED = TALLS. 2 HINGS.
Hennigerie. Museum and Circus Combined.
Evening performance at 8 of clock. All seats reserved.
Freed 2d and 50 cents. Beats in boxes \$1.00.

XYALLACK'S.

Prices 25 and 50 cents. Beats in boles \$1.00.

Wallack's.

Under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBRY. THIS (Wednesday) EVENING, Dec. 23.
Elaborate production of IN THE FASHION.

IN THE FASHION.

Characters by Mr. Osmond Tearlo, Mr. Rhen Plympton (specially engaged). Mr. Havry Edwards, Mr. R. D. Ward, Miss Rose Coghian, Miss Netta Guion, Miss Lillia Vane and Mrs. Abbry.

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and he suffered terribly. I caught the disease from him, and it spread all over my face and neck and even got into

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Bennett, Max Pettingill, Luigi Dell Oro,
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speak is the truth, and I do not fear to utter it."

A low cry of rage escaped Dillon's lips, as he sprang towards the woman who had spoken. But with a blow of iron Melville Austin's hand hurled him backward. For a moment the villain stared at his wife's protector with a tigerish fierceness in his dark, dangerous eyes, and then, like the coward he really was, slunk from the apartment.

And from the house, too, never entering it again. An hour afterwards his wife, Ellen Dillon, followed him, against the carnest entreaty of Melville and Dora.

"He will beat me when I return to him, perhaps." she said, with a mournful smile on her exquisite face, "but I must go, nevertheless. It seems like a curse, sometimes, that in spite of his brutality and wickedness I cannot hate Mark. But whenever I think of our child at home I believe this weakness is all for the best. I can guard him against imitating his father; and who knows what a son's influence may do in future years?"

Her sad words left Dora and Melville grave and thoughtful for a long time after her departure.

"That woman loves him, Melville," the

MARK DILLON'S BOLD GAME



And young Melville Austin rose from the daintily spread breakfast table at which he and his wife were sitting.

her petite figure and blonde-haired, girlish beauty. have not painted an atom of canvas this week? There's your new picture of Antony and Cleopatra 1 "Yes, my love," the young artist inter-

rupted, "I plead guilty to having shamefully neglected Anthony and Cleopatra; but this morning's engagement will not occupy much time and I shall be home in an hour, I trust, ready to begin work. In the meanwhile, Dora, if that model of whom I was speaking should make her appearance just ask her to wait in the studio.

I am anxious to see this divinity, Melville. Is she so very beautiful?"
"After a certain type, yes," the husband

answered carelessly. Then while his handsome face lit up with a sudden brightness, he
added, in lower tones: "You know there is
but one woman in the world, Dora, whose
beauty thoroughly satisfies me."

For some time after her husband's depart-

For some time after her husband's departure that morning Dora Austin remained buried in what, judging from the happy smile that played about her mouth and danced in the blue depths of her tender eyes, must have been thoroughly agreeable thorough. danced in the blue depths of her tender eyes, must have been thoroughly agreeable thoughts.

"Was ever woman so blessed?" she murmured presently, as if asking the question of her own heart. "Three years to morrow since we were married, and still the same devoted love from dear Melville. How foolish I was ever to dream that his worldly successes would cool the ardor of that love! Nothing can ever change him—nothing!"

"The young woman has called ma'am, and is now waiting outside. Shall I show her into Mr. Austin's studio?"

Dora's meditations had been abruptly broken by the voice of the stately butler who stood at her elbow.

"Oh! you mean Mr. Austin's model?" she said, a little confusedly. "Yos, James, I believe your master wishes her to wait in the studio till his return. By the way, James, you may manage to let her pass through this room. I wish to see her."

The man bowed, and departed to execute Mrs. Austin's order, returning presently, followed by a poorly clad woman, of whose face Dora merely caught a momentary glimpse as she hurried towards the adjoining studio.

"How beautiful!" the young wife murmurnered, "and what a face for Gleopatra. She seemed anxious to escape my notice, poor woman! I wonder if she is sahamed of her vocation? You told her, James, did you not, "addressing the butler, who returned at this moment, "that Mr. Austin would return very shortly?"

"Yes, ma'am."

James was not absent from the breakfast-room five minutes before he again made his

James was not absent from the breakfast-room five minutes before he again made his appearance there. A rather shabby man desired to see Mrs. Austin. Should he admit

him?
But the ceremonious butler had scarcely finished speaking when a gruff voice sounded from the entrance of the room.

A rough-looking, heavily-bearded man was standing on the threshold, directly opposite to Dora, who was seated near one of the windows.

"You may go, my good fellow," the man said.

"I've particular business with Mrs. Austin."

this house a moment longer than you can help."
When the studio door had closed behind the woman's retreating steps, Mark Dillom once more bent over the white face of Dora Austin. A faint shiver convulsed her frame at this moment, and while his gaze was eagerly fastened upon her countenance the silken lashes slowly lifted themselves from her eyes.

heved me dead three years ago and married Melville Austin; there's nothing particularly culpable about your conduct as far as I can discover. I shall be the last one, depend upon it, my dear Mrs. Austin, to reveal any-thing disagreeable concerning your antece-dents."

You came here this morning to sell your silence. Is it not so?"
"You are perfectly right, Mrs. Austin—or Mrs. Dillon. Which is it to be, by the way?"
His tones were defiantly supercilious; his keen, cruel eyes were fixed upon the agonized woman with something of a serpent's pitiless gaze when the prey is within easy distance and possession has become a certainty.
But Mark Dillon started back with amazements a Dors answered him cally secre-

ment as Dora answered him, calmly, scornfully and decisively in the following words:
"I shall not deceive a man to whom I owe all the happiness I have ever enjoyed in this all the happiness I have ever enjoyed in this world—the man whom I love, honor and rev-erance, as only a nature like Melville Austin's is worthy of being regarded. When I mar-ried him, Mark Dillon, I acted upon my firm conviction of your death. Now I know my-self to have been in error, and a single course remains to me. The instant that Melville Austin returns home, I shall inform him of the truth."

the truth."

"Are you mad, Dora Dillon?" he exclaimed, every trace of his supercilious manner gone and nothing but a sort of furious surprise remaining. "Are you mad, thus to throw away the position you have won?—to make of yourself a beggarly outcast?—to."—

"Enough of this, Mark Dillon," she inter-rupted, haughtily. "Your game was a bold one, but it has proved a failure. Ah, my husband!"

lashes slowly lifted themselves from her eyes.
"Then it was no dream," she murmured, hoarsely, rising from her fallen posture, assisted by the man she addressed. "You have come." she presently continued, "to reveal all to—to Melville Austin."

She sank back into an arm-chair now, with a weary, gasping sigh.
"I haven't come to do anything of the sort, Dora Dillon," the man said, with a kind of sullen emphasis in his gruff tones. "I don't wish to claim you as set wife. You be-

A slight tremor shook Dora Austin's frame, and her ghastly lips quivered an instant. But only for an instant. She had risen now and was addressing Melville, who listened silently until she had ceased speaking, stupefied, doubtless, by the dreadful import of what she uttered.

silently until she had ceased speaking, stupefied, doubtless, by the dreadful import of what she uttered.

"That man, Melville, is my husband. Five years ago, before you and I had ever met, poverty had reduced my mother and myself to the last stages of want. On my mother's death, and while I was still almost a child in years, Mark Dillon asked me to become his wife. We were married, and I soon discovered that my wretched, friendless position had been exchanged for one of still greater misery. I had become united to a man from whose vile, wicked life my whole nature turned in loathing. One evening in a fit of drunken fury he struck me. That night I fied from his house. During the year that followed I succeeded in supporting myself comfortably on the proceeds of needlework. Two mouths before chance had made me acquainted with you, Melville, I had learned accidentally of my husband's death in France. You know what followed. To-day I learn, for the first time since our marriage, that Mark Dillon lives."

"O God! can this be true?"

The words seemed wrung from the very death of Melville Anglin's agonized soul.

The words seemed wrung from the very depth of Melville Austin's agonized soul. Staring first at his wife, and then at the moody, crestfallen man beside her, his face expressed the keenest intensity of mental suffering. And now the icy calmness with which Dora had spoken melted to a passion of solve.

which Dora had spoken melted to a passion of sobs.

Stealing towards her husband's side, she murmured brokenly: "Before we part, Melville, say that you forgive me for being the cause of so much future pretchedness—for having brought to your noble heart a sorrow it has so little deserved."

"Part, Dora? We must not—we shall not part!"

He had drawn her to his breast with a

part!"

He had drawn her to his breast, with a wild, impulsive movement. At the same instant the door of the studio was suddenly unclosed and a woman's voice cried out in clear, ringing tones: "Mark Dillon lies, Mrs. Austin, when he dares to call himself your husband! I—wronged, deserted, outraged as I have been, am none the less his

lawfully wedded wife, married to him seven years ago in Manchester. Let him deny it if he dares. You need not scowl and glare at me," the woman went on, hotly, "what I speak is the truth, and I do not fear to utter it."

and thoughtful for a long time after her departure.

"That woman loves him, Melville," the wife murmured, at length, in slow, musing tones—"loves him in spite of all his villainous treatment. What a marvellous mystery love is!"

"Marvellous, indeed, Dora!"

"Did you really mean, Melville, that nothing should part us—not even the knowledge of being another's wife—when you spoke so passionately just before Ellen Dillon entered from the studio?"

Her soft hand had stolen into his, her tearful eyes were fixed upon his own, with eager

Her soft hand had stolen into his, her tearful eyes were fixed upon his own, with eager questioning in their blue depths.

Melville Austin's answer was spoken with unhesitating fondness: "I meant that, if all the world had striven to separate us, Dors, I should still have struggled to regain you. Until to-day, I never have known the strength and power of my love."

His arms were clasped about her now, and she was sobbing forth her thankfulness upon his faithful breast.



'M GETTING into terribly bad habits, terribly bad habits,
Dora, Breakfast at
half-past nine! Just
fancy my indulging in
such hours three years ago, darling, before the world made up its mind that I painted respectable pictures and chose to pay me accordingly.

going to remain at home this morning," Dora said in a soft, coaxing tone that well became "Do you know, Austin, that you

"Ellen!" The man had suddenly turned his face towards the speaker, while still stooping over Mrs. Austin's senseless body. "Oh, I recollect," he continued sternly; "you told me that you went out as a model, and this woman's husband is an artist. That accounts, perhaps, for your being here, and you may thank your stars for having so good an excuse. If I thought you had followed me"—

an excuse. If I thought you had lonowed me"—

The angry flash of his dark eyes finished the sentence more powerfully than words could have done.

'Trembling in every limb, the woman answered, pleadingly: "I had no thought of following you, Mark. I never imagined that you knew this lady. I"—

"Leave the house instantly, Ellen! Don't hesitate a moment, but go at once."

strainey/ 4 THE REAL PROPERTY. 1 WITH A BLOW OF IBON MELVILLE AUSTIN'

Francistini

The woman shuddered and turned towards the door leading into the studio.
"I may explain this matter to you some other time," the man continued: "but remember, I warn you against remaining in this house a moment longer than you can

HAND HUBLED HIM BACKWARD.

dents."
"And why will you reveal nothing? Let there be no disguise between us, Mark Dillon. I know your brutal nature thoroughly. You came here this morning to sell your silence. Is it not so?"